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THE CLIFFS.
These iron cliffs that o'er the deep,
Wave worn and thunder scarred, enormous
looms,
Stand like the work of some primeval power.
Their battlements, that would keep
Firm ward forever o'er the bastioned shore.
Vainly beneath, as though they would devour
The bounding waves; and as a plumed phalanx,
Crushed in the assault of some strong citadel,
Indomitable still, its shattered ranks
Cheer to the breach again, and yet again,
So from the battling billows bursts the swell
Of a more awful combat than of men.
—Aubrey de Vere.

DECIDED BY CHANCE.

The sun, a great glowing ball of fire,
had just descended behind the fringe of
elm trees on Meadow Hill, and the
parched summer world was free to
breathe at last. Wayne Hillard, finish-
ing his sketch of the fern shaded pool in
the glen, dropped his pencil and inflated
his lungs with the fragrant oxygen.
Mrs. Mix, cleaning trout for the mor-
row's breakfast, in the kitchen, sighed a
sigh of infinite relief. "One more day's
good!" said she, and Kitty and Tilly,
skimming cream in the cool cellar, made
haste with their work so as to finish
without the light of a candle, and as
they worked they talked and laughed
lightly, as girls will do.

Who were Kitty and Tilly? Why,
they were Mrs. Mix's "hired help"—the
rosy daughters of impetuous neighbors,
who were more than glad to elude
their slender allowance of pocket
money by assisting the harassed land-
lady in "busy times." Kitty was a radi-
ant blonde, with hair just warmed
with red, eyes of mischievous gray, and
a complexion that would have been per-
fect were it not for the sprinkling of
freckles across the bridge of the sandy
nose. Tilly, on the contrary, was pale
and dark, with big, solemn eyes full of
jetty lights, and a small head set with
imperial grace on her slim shoulders;
and their voices sounded like the indis-
tinct twitter of orioles as they talked
and skimmed great leathery sheets of
cream and strained the "night's milk"
into broad, shining pans.

"I think he's splendid!" said Kitty.
"So do I!" said Tilly, enthusiastically.
"I mean to have him!" said Kitty,
waving her skimmer above a fresh pan.
"I like that!" ironically observed Tilly.
"I've always wanted to be an artist's
bride," said Kitty.
"Yes," interrupted Tilly, "and I have
made up my mind to a city life. This
country vegetable don't suit me! I
must marry a city man!"

Kitty covered up the stone cream jar
with a little cloth.
"Well, how are we going to settle this
matter?" said she, with a laugh. "We
both want Wayne Hillard! We're both
determined to have him!"
"Draw lots," suggested Tilly. "Noth-
ing like chance for determining a question
like this. Oh! I say, Kitty, this is
dear. Give me one of the new ones—
do like a new milk pan—it makes me
think of sheets of silver."

"No, we won't do that—it's too hack-
neyed," said Kitty. "I'll tell you what
we'll do, Tilly. Mr. Hillard never
comes into the house without going
straight into the milk room for a drink
of new milk. Mrs. Mix always leaves a
little brown pitcher there for him. Well,
we'll leave two pitchers, one white for
you, the other blue for me. The one that
he selects shall decide the question.
If it's blue—then he's mine! If it's white
—I cheerfully give him up to you!"
"Girls, I should think you'd be
ashamed of yourselves!"

Tilly gave a great start; Kitty colored
until the freckles looked like a fleet of
tiny brown boats on a sea of scarlet.
Mrs. Mix was at the head of the stairs,
glaring down at them like an indignant
baby cut.
"We—we didn't mean anything,"
feebly uttered Kitty.
"We were only making fun," mur-
mured Tilly.
"It ain't the sort of fun they used to
make when I was a girl," said Mrs. Mix.
"We were talking about the milk,"
apologized Kitty, with excusable equivoca-
tion.

"Tain't worth while to fib," said Mrs.
Mix. "I was standin' jest by the win-
der, and I heard every word you said.
Here's the platter o' fish. Put it in a
cool place, not too near the milk."

Kitty Farrar and Tilly Grey looked
guiltily at each other, and indulged in a
supper of titter when the door closed
sharply.
"Do you suppose she did hear it all?"
said Tilly breathlessly.
"It isn't a hanging matter if she did,"
declared Kitty. "Quick—get the pitcher."
"Take them in the back way. I
hear him coming now."

"Oh, if it's come to your knowing his
very step!"
"Do hold your tongue, Tilly!"
On the whitely scoured milk room
shelf stood the two little pitchers, one of
old "dove blue," the other a squatly
white ware specimen, with a crystal
clear tumbler beside them. In Kitty's
haste she had forgotten to fill but one,
and as the two dimpled faces peeped
from the twilight darkness at the head
of the cellar stairs they could see Wayne
Hillard come direct to the little milk
room and take up the white pitcher.

"There!" whispered Tilly, eyes roundly
squeezing Kitty's round little arm.
But the white pitcher was empty. He
set it down with a smothered exclamation
of impatience, and seizing the flow-
ing blue poured out a glass of cool, foam-
ing milk and drank it. Then he walked
out again.
"There!" retorted Kitty. "He took
my pitcher after all."
"But he took mine first."
"Don't be shabby, Tilly. If ever any-
thing was rejected your pitcher was
his mine."

"Nonsense, Kitty! By all the rules of
love and war he belongs to me."
"I mean to have him, anyhow."
"I'll see about that," said Tilly resolu-
tely.
"Hush!" cried Kitty. "What's that?"
Some one giggling. It's Tom.
"No, it isn't. Tom has been sent up
to Spotswood farm for half a dozen ducks

for his dinner, it's your guilty
conscience, Kitty, that's all."
"I'll tell you, mister," said Tom, if
you'll promise never to let on who it
was, and if you'll gimme that 'ere jinted
fashin' pole o' yours as ye don't use no
more."
"I don't think I care much about your
news, Tom," said Mr. Hillard, who was
just settling himself for a morning's
sketching by the river heights.
"Oh, but you will when you hear it,"
said Tom. "Mother says, says she,
'Girls, you'd order'd be ashamed of your-
selves.' And Kit Farrar she said she
knowed your step, and Tilly Grey she
said she lowed to marry a city feller
like you, and then they agreed to chance
it. And there was something about two
colored pitchers—I don't rightly under-
stand that; but I rather think you fell to
Kitty's lot, and she was awful tickled
and—"

"Look here, Tom," said Mr. Hillard,
leisurely turning over his tubes of color,
"don't it strike you that this is very like
telling tales out of school? It isn't like
the young ladies meant you to repeat
these little jokes!"
"But they were dead in earnest,"
 wheezed Tom.

"Much you know about it," said Hill-
ard. "No—you can't have the rod. Clear
out, and remember for the future never
to tattle."
Tom Mix retired much discomfited
and Wayne Hillard began to paint, but
as he painted he pondered.

"If I'm really the sport of battle," said
he, "I ought to surrender myself at once.
Pretty little beauties they are—fair and
dark, like a sunbeam and a shadow, side
by side!"
How happy could he be with either.
Wayne Hillard drew nearer away.

Kitty Farrar is my possessor, eh? I do
really think I ought to have given that
young marplot the fishing rod after all."
He laughed as the idea grew in his
mind; yet more and more he liked it.
He had noticed Kitty and Tilly often
than they had dreamed of. He knew
that Kitty was the clergyman's niece,
and that Tilly's dead father had been a
colonel in the civil war. He was quite
aware that they were pretty and grace-
ful, with sweet low voices, and a pictur-
esque way of wearing flowers in their
hair.

"They began a joke," said he to him-
self, "I'll finish it!"
Kitty Farrar was spreading table nap-
kins out to bleach on the grass beyond
the lawn tennis court. Tilly stood hold-
ing the basket for her when Mr. Hill-
ard approached. But the instant they
saw him a gentle ice of indescribable
dislike froze around them. They recog-
nized his greeting as two young duch-
esses might have done.

"I can't do it," he told himself, and
fell to talking about the weather. How
he wished that scapegrace Tom had held
his tongue. But after that he observed
Kitty quietly and often.
"She is a violet in the shade," he
thought. "A dewdrop hiding from the
sun. Yes, I really think I shall ask her
to marry me, but I would like my Uncle
Churchill to see her first."

Uncle Churchill arrived on the scene
—a handsome middle aged lawyer, with
dark eyes and a shrewd mouth.
"Which is it?" he asked.
"Oh, you must decide that for your-
self," laughed Wayne.
"That's hardly fair," said Mr. Church-
ill.

"It's so important that you should be
entirely free from bias or prejudice,"
pleaded Wayne. "At the end of a week
let me know what you think."
At the end of the week Uncle Church-
ill reported.
"It can only be Tilly Grey," said he.
"She is perfect—simply perfect!"
"Tilly Grey?" repeated Wayne. "She
is a very pretty girl, I admit, but as com-
pared to Kitty Farrar?"
"I can only say what I think," said
Uncle Churchill.

"Take another week to consider it,"
said Hillard.
"I will," said Uncle Churchill.
Kitty and Tilly, however, were not
entirely unobservant of matters, and one
evening when Churchill and Hillard re-
turned from a day's fishing two stolid
German madchens were waiting at
table. The girls had gone home.
"Their folks wanted them," Mrs. Mix
said regretfully.
"We'll follow them," said Mr. Hillard
sotto voce.

"An excellent idea!" said Churchill
promptly.
Kitty Farrar sat on the doorstep of the
old house with a black kitten in her lap
when Mr. Hillard came up the walk.
She colored like a carnation.
"You see I have found you out," said
he. "Kitty, were you running away from
me?"
"Not because I was afraid," an-
swered Tilly.

"Well, wherever you run for the future
I shall follow," said he, "because I
love you, Kitty."
And it was not until the little diamond
ring that had been his mother's was
safely fitted on her finger that he mis-
chievously alluded to Tom's betrayal of
the state secret.
"You know," said he, "that I have be-
longed by right to you ever since I took
up the blue pitcher."

Kitty's eyes flashed.
"But you took up the white pitcher
first!" said she. "Go back to Mitilda
Grey, if you please; I shan't detain
you."
"I couldn't if I wanted to," said
Wayne. "Miss Grey—if she chooses—is
to be my aunt. Besides, blue is my
color," with his eyes fixed on the knot of
ribbon at Kitty's throat.
"Mr. Churchill is a very handsome
man," said Kitty solemnly, "and I do
think Tilly fancies him. Oh, I am so
glad!"
"Let's walk over to the Grey farm
and congratulate them," said Hillard.
"But," cried Kitty, "we will neither
of us ever be married if you dare again
to allude to the—two pitchers."
"No, that we will not!" said Tilly.
And Tom got the jointed fishing rod
after all. He didn't deserve it, but what
sort of a world would this be if people
only got their deserts.—Shirley Browne
in Fireside Companion.

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